

WHERE ARE THEY?
Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow,
And be the winter—O south wind, blow,
Where are the spirits of the dead?
Drive under ground the winter snow,
And up the greenest of the hills lead;
Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow,
Where are the spirits of the dead?
Are the spirits of the dead to be found?
The fading moon from the blackened mound?
Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow,
Where are the spirits of the dead?
The breaking furrow will sow,
And patient wait the patient seed;
Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow,
Where are the spirits of the dead?
The grain of vanished years will grow,
But not the vanished years, indeed;
Where are the springs of long ago?
With sudden leap, flying low,
They for remembrance faintly plead;
Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow,
Where are the springs of long ago?
—Edith M. Thomas.

HOW I DIED.
I was very sick. I had laid for days that seemed years upon the rack of such pain as only strongmen, suddenly broken upon the wheel, may know. Every bone in my body, every nerve, every minute gland of corporeal tissues had been like electric wires and coils surcharged with ethereal agony. And there had come a benumbed feeling that thrilled like the vibration of harpstrings suddenly still. I could hear the hum of flies like the far off drone of bees, and the sound seemed soothing me into a strange peace. I was aware that somebody passed a light before my eyes, and after repeating the action several times replaced the night lamp on the stand without the shade. I knew also that somebody stepped to the window and threw it wide open, while a voice, seemingly borne beyond the confines of space and gathering force as it approached the boundaries of auricular demonstration until it boomed like the deep bass of the sea, uttered these words:
"The poor fellow is going fast. Give his spirit a chance to free itself."
"Do you believe in that old woman?" asked another, and from the region of enchanted dreaminess where I seemed to linger I caught myself listening for the third voice, which I seemed to know would speak next. And I didn't listen in vain, for even while I struggled with the unseen forces that were hurrying me away a woman's voice, clear and strong and sweet as the notes of a bell that was forever ringing in my ear, said:
"We believe in God's mercy, and we believe that this poor patient body is about to throw open the door by which the spirit goes free: if a closed window hinder its going, we will throw every window in the old hospital as wide as the sky."
"And give the rest of the poor devils in the ward a chance to catch a mortal chill," responded the second voice. "You are as consistent as the rest of your sex, Miss Brady."
While yet the echo of the head doctor's voice beat the air in circles of receding sound, I suddenly ceased to think, to hear, to feel, to be. And yet I was. I knew by some newly developed sense that I lay mute and white upon the cot which had supported my body so long, and that the fragrance of a prayer floated through the awful stillness of the room. It had no form, nor sound, and yet something within me perceived it, as the languid senses perceive the fragrance of newly mown hay upon a serene June morning.
A continuous pageant of the most searaphic vision unfolded in endless progression before me. I saw the green hills of my childhood's home lift themselves like emerald bubbles in a haze of enchanted air. I saw the saplings of the sea set in a rim of violet dawns and daffodil noons. I saw the stretch of desert sands like drifts of snow within the compass of a lonely land. And in the midst of their bewildering vision I suddenly saw a gleaming slab within a windowless room, where something long and white and still was lying. Drops of dew were forming on the edges of the slab, and a death cold stream was pulsing across its shining surface. Something that was not a voice, and which made itself manifest to me through other channels than the ear, spoke lightly of the grave wherein I soon should lie.
"We will bury him tonight," it seemed to say, "there will be no friends to interfere, and there are too many dying these few days to keep 'stiffs' over a half day."
"But the law grants even a 'stiff' its rights," responded the womanly voice I had learned to know. "We have no right to bury him with such indecent haste."
"Right or no right, law or no law, he'll have to get out of this tonight," replied the first voice.
The contention had no effect upon the something within my ice-bound frame which still held its mysterious connection with sentient life. That filament, fine as the gossamer shroud by which the spider binds together the ether and the rose, seemed an electric wire charged with messages from an unseen world. I could hear the heart of things in the darkness, like the dip of songful seas and clear and sweet and distinct, above them all, I heard the woman's voice I learned from out the cold embrace of death to note.
"He shall not be buried tonight, nor yet tomorrow, if that thins continues on his life."
"What flush are you talking about?" responded the doctor, bringing the light he carried round the face that upon the marble slab, where the ice drops were forming, crystal by crystal, like the beads one thread upon a growing strand.
"Why, the flush we both have noticed when we stood here. I knew by the faint gaze you bestowed upon what generally denotes but a passing glance that you discovered it when I did, and I demand that the body be removed to the ward until we have investigated the case."
"That flush is only the reflection of your red dress," laughed the doctor.
"You are wasting time," said the nurse. "I shall call a stretcher to carry this living man out of the morgue. Afterward we may resume our conversation."
"You shall do nothing of the sort," replied the doctor, placing his hand as he spoke upon the outstretched arm of the nurse with compelling force. "You have made a fool of yourself, over this fellow from the first. Not a hanger on in the ward but what noticed your interest in his handsome face. You are bound to me by ties you cannot break, and rather than see you under the enchantment of this fellow again I simply will smother the feeble pulse of life that lingers in his veins and make a surety of his death."
"You may be a villain, but you are not a coward, Dr. Ware," replied the woman, whose hand he still held. "To refuse to give this man the chance to live would be the most despicable act of your life, and so, help me God, I will denounce you as a murderer before the first justice I can find if you do not instantly summon assistance and remove this body from this place."
"Not so fast, my dear. Every moment's delay extinguishes more and more the chance for life, and if the attendants we shall summon find a dead man on the slab you will believe your hysterical story in the face of my statement that no

sign of life existed. Women nurses are not in favor just at present with the board; they are too emotional, too emotional, too indiscreet. Your bravado will eventuate only in your own disgrace."
With the bound of a cat, the nurse, while he was yet speaking, broke from the doctor's detaining hold and reached the door. Quick as thought she turned it and fled down the long corridor. Shall the future eternities hold for me another moment fraught with such pain as thrilled my tortured limbs when the doctor's malignant face bent above my sealed eyes, and although conscious of a vast reserve power I felt myself unable to move the lightest member or lift, by a single hair's weight, the closed lids? I felt his fingers press the delicate anatomy of my throat, and I knew that he was seeking to throttle the little life left in my body. Every drop of blood became a spear of flame to thrust my quivering flesh, and the effort I made to groan started what seemed to me to be showers of hot blood from every pore.
The sound of hurrying feet and clanging voices told the doctor's hand before its full purpose was accomplished, and raising himself from his sitting posture he greeted the newcomers with a brisk, "Hurry up, boys! I thought Miss Brady had fallen asleep on the way. Lift this fellow up quickly and carry him to the ward. He is good for a long lease of life yet."
I never knew how the doctor and Miss Brady adjusted their quarrel. Both retained their respective positions for some time after my recovery to health and removal to a western city, where a course of long delayed good luck rebuilt the ravaged edge of my finances and placed me above want.
Miss Brady finally resigned her position at my suggestion and joined me in my western home as my beloved wife. Of the doctor's well farings or ill farings we neither of us knew aught from that day onward and forever.—New York World.

The trotting standard bred stallion
Randolph Crommell

will make the spring season in Accomac from Craddockville to Drummondtown, at \$25 to insure a mare in foal, \$20 by season, \$10 for single service payable to groom at time of service.
The following is a copy of the OFFICIAL CERTIFICATE, showing that he is TROTTING STANDARD, from American Trotting Register:
This is to certify that, Randolph Crommell has been duly registered as standard under Rule 6, in Volume XII, of the AMERICAN TROTTING REGISTER, and the pedigree can be traced in the following form:
21429 Randolph Crommell (6) b. h. foaled 1886; by Haroldson 14897 dam Minna by Champlin 1044; g. d. Young Nellie by Sherman Black Hawk 143, etc. (See Minna Vol. X.) Bred by Wm. Pickard, Schron Lake, N. Y., passed to E. E. McCleary, Norfolk, Va., and from him to J. S. Bull.
Haroldson 14897 Vanity Fair Randolph Crommell Champlin 1044 Crommell Minna Young Nellie 21429
Given under my hand and seal at Chicago, Ill., this 30th day of December, A. D. 1892. J. K. STERNER, Register.
For further particulars apply to J. S. BULL, Craddockville, Va.

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Standard bred trotting stallion
Lee Cuyler, No. 10971.
Sired by Cuyler 100. (Sire of Elvira 2:14 1/2 years old, Champion 2:14 1/2 years old, Alghat 2:34 1/2 years old, and the great yearling trotter of 1892. Conformation record 2:35 and 10 others in 30 list. He is Hambletonian 10 dam by Hambletonian 2.
1st dam—Fannie Leland, by Leland 1300 (sire of Geneva 2:14 1/2, Clara 2:21, Miss Leland 2:25, Hades 2:27, and Barrymore 2:30) Leland by Hambletonian 10 dam by American Star 14.
2nd dam—Fannie Clay, by Harry Clay 45 sire of Clayton 2:24, Surprise 2:26, Shawmut 2:26, and the famous Green Mountain with a record of 2:10 in 30 list and of Electioneer, the greatest of all as a sire.
3rd dam—Topsy, sired by Fiddler (Webers, he by Monmouth Elips, dam a John Richards mare, (Chorograph).
In presenting Lee Cuyler to the public for service we do so in the belief that we are offering as fine specimen of the trotting horse as has ever been offered to the public on this Peninsula both as to gift, breeding and individuality, and would ask all parties interested to see him also to examine himself and his breeding critically when you will find him not one of, but the very strongest bred in Hambletonian Blood on the Shore, (or ever here) being a grand-sire and great-grand-sire of Hambletonian 10 with all the other cross through Curry Abdallah, the great sire of Leland, and to that the prepotent blood of American Star 14 through Imogene, the dam of Leland, with the nerve, giving thoroughbred blood of Webers Fiddler, beneath all, I ask, are we claiming too much as to breeding, for individuality he will show for himself.
For further particulars for Accomac county, apply to FLOYD BROS., Bridgetown, Va.
Terms \$30 to insure mare in foal.

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Fare between Salisbury and Baltimore, \$1.25.
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What is Heart Failure?
Really what our esteemed contemporaries, the doctors, would explain to us exactly what they mean when they say that so-and-so has died of heart failure, says the Washington Post. Of course, we know in a general way that a citizen dies when his heart comes to a determination not to go on, but the consumption of heart failure, as described as a heart failure on the ground that it is the reverse of heart activity. But the term is now employed as though it described some specific condition, like consumption, or Bright's disease, or diphtheria, and we are building up within ourselves a yearning curiosity to know just what it means.
Mr. Thompson, we will say, is a large man of liberal ways of life, with a florid complexion, a jocund nose, and a coming appetite for rum and water. He eats with catholic taste and Brodieganian energy. He drinks as does the passing hussar in the desert. Some fine day Thompson dies with his boots on, so to speak; that is to say, he reaches for his glass of hot whiskey today, misses it, and passes. Several eminent physicians examine the cadaver, wag their heads mournfully, and say "Heart failure." Within a week old Joskins around the corner takes a tumble. Joskins is cadaverous and long, built like a tuning-fork, and equipped inside of him much like the crane of song and story. He eats little, drinks less, and mirrors his generation in a bilious eye. Somebody leaves the door ajar and he looks through the chink into another world. Doctors come and ponder over him and say "Heart failure" once again.
We do not understand it. We wish to die. What heart failure means? Is it a new disease, or is the term merely a scientific subterfuge?

Among the Poultry.
Be careful of the quality of the food given the young poultry. The best place to raise turkeys is on a grain or grass farm.
Improper feeding is often the cause of leg weakness among the chickens.
Feeding cornmeal dough exclusively is not the best way of securing a thrifty growth.
A few drops of camphor and water poured down the throat is said to be a sure cure for gas.
Old pieces of oilcloth can often be used to good advantage as a covering for the coops.
Ducks are very good setters; the trouble is that they are not good mothers.
If the object is to get eggs for market alone there is no use for roosters. The nest is the hatching place of vermin as well as poultry. Monitor. Whole grain fed to matured fowls and cracked wheat fed to young chickens will nearly always give good results.
The tendency of wheat is to produce a healthy growth and aid materially in causing the hens to lay. If you want the hens to stop laying and get fat and do nothing, just feed them all the corn they will eat.

The Trotting Stallion
WHITE FOOT
Will make the spring season in Accomac, at \$20 to insure a mare in foal, \$15 by season and \$8 for single service payable to groom at time of service. He is held personally responsible for service of horse in case of sale or exchange without consent of the undersigned.
Whitefoot was foaled April 27th, 1887, at Modestown, Va., is of bay color, with white feet, well broken, very handsome and weighs 1055 pounds. He took first premium at the Eastern Shore Agricultural Fair, the first 3 year old, the next year as the fastest 4 year old and in 1892 was winner of the 240 class.
He was sired by Walker Morrill, the greatest speed sire that ever was in Accomac. It is useless, however, to say anything about pedigree, for "pedigree without performance is nothing," says "The Kentucky Stock Farm." Whitefoot will test his speed qualities with any stallion on the Eastern Shore.
The following from his trainer well known on the Eastern Shore, explains itself:
MR. W. B. PITTS, Onancock, Va.,
DEAR SIR:—Yesterday I was working your horse he felt so good I gave him his bit did not drive at him much and went easy around the turns and he stepped a mile in 2:32 and I think he could have trotted to 2:30 next week I will come to see him. He knew a case of a woman eating heartily of nuts in the evening, who was taken violently ill. The celebrated Doctor Abernethy was sent for, but it was after he had become too late to do any good, and he was not in a condition to go. He muttered, "salt, salt," of which no notice was taken. Next morning he went to this place and she was a corpse. He said that had they given her salt it would have relieved her; if they would allow him to make an examination he would convince them. On opening the stomach the nuts were found in a mass. He sprinkled salt on this, and immediately it dissolved.—New York World.

Frank Mayo,
17956.
This number is assigned to this horse, because he is a standard-bred and registered trotting horse.
FRANK MAYO, First Premium Stallion, at the Cape Charles Fair, 1892, was exhibited with his ribbon at March court.
The sire and dam of FRANK MAYO produced speed, set bet. than 2:30. His ancestors beyond them, had speed, and produced it. His full sister Nellie Mayo paced in 2:24, as a two-year-old. His full sister Abel Flood made a record in 2:19.
FRANK MAYO is the fastest STANDARD BRED trotting stallion on the Eastern Shore of Virginia in a horse race.
FRANK MAYO has speed and is a fast speeder of blood. SPEED is what is needed in a trotter.
An old truman, replied when asked, what is the first requisite quality of a race horse? SPEED. What is the second? Answered SPEED. The third? SPEED. Breeders who are looking for SPEED, will find it in FRANK MAYO.
His services are offered to the public at \$25 to insure, \$15 for the season. He will travel through the county.
For an extended pedigree apply to ARTHUR SAUNDERS, Eastville, Va.

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The following from his trainer well known on the Eastern Shore, explains itself:
MR. W. B. PITTS, Onancock, Va.,
DEAR SIR:—Yesterday I was working your horse he felt so good I gave him his bit did not drive at him much and went easy around the turns and he stepped a mile in 2:32 and I think he could have trotted to 2:30 next week I will come to see him. He knew a case of a woman eating heartily of nuts in the evening, who was taken violently ill. The celebrated Doctor Abernethy was sent for, but it was after he had become too late to do any good, and he was not in a condition to go. He muttered, "salt, salt," of which no notice was taken. Next morning he went to this place and she was a corpse. He said that had they given her salt it would have relieved her; if they would allow him to make an examination he would convince them. On opening the stomach the nuts were found in a mass. He sprinkled salt on this, and immediately it dissolved.—New York World.

Frank Mayo,
17956.
This number is assigned to this horse, because he is a standard-bred and registered trotting horse.
FRANK MAYO, First Premium Stallion, at the Cape Charles Fair, 1892, was exhibited with his ribbon at March court.
The sire and dam of FRANK MAYO produced speed, set bet. than 2:30. His ancestors beyond them, had speed, and produced it. His full sister Nellie Mayo paced in 2:24, as a two-year-old. His full sister Abel Flood made a record in 2:19.
FRANK MAYO is the fastest STANDARD BRED trotting stallion on the Eastern Shore of Virginia in a horse race.
FRANK MAYO has speed and is a fast speeder of blood. SPEED is what is needed in a trotter.
An old truman, replied when asked, what is the first requisite quality of a race horse? SPEED. What is the second? Answered SPEED. The third? SPEED. Breeders who are looking for SPEED, will find it in FRANK MAYO.
His services are offered to the public at \$25 to insure, \$15 for the season. He will travel through the county.
For an extended pedigree apply to ARTHUR SAUNDERS, Eastville, Va.

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RED WILKES 1740.
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